

# Good Morning 474

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



**"Just a line . . ."**  
**Tel. James Appleton**  
**(and greetings for**  
**L/Sig. Eric Wilson)**

IT'S a far cry from the picturesque village of Killinghall, near Harrogate, Yorks, to the icy Russian city of Murmansk or the notorious Bay of Biscay, but all three hold memories for 19-year-old Telegraphist James William Appleton, of Killinghall Mill.

Jimmy went in the Navy a week before he was seventeen, and before long became the youngest member of the crew of the "Glasgow," and as such received a warm handshake from the King when he inspected the crew.

On one of several trips to Russia he got frostbite, and spent some time in a hospital in Murmansk.

These are experiences he won't forget in a hurry, neither will he have forgotten the broad green fields and rustic bridges of Killinghall.

Everything is just as you left it, Jimmy, and everyone at home is well. Your mother was busy when "Good Morning" called — hanging out some washing by the river.

She asked us to tell you that Vera is very well and your Dad is busy with the harvest at Ripon. She's hoping you

will soon be home again, enjoying your favourite pastimes — cricket, football and cycling.

News of Mrs. Appleton will be interesting to another submariner — 23-year-old Leading Signaller Eric Wilson, who hails from Ealing, and who is Jimmy's cousin. "I'd like them both to know that the other is well," she said. So Jimmy — Eric's fine. Eric — Jimmy's fine.

Love from the family to both of you — and be home soon!

## W. H. Millier and his pals at "The Sign of the Jolly Roger" CHAMP MADE SURE— HAD OWN REFEREE

WHEN the select sporting circle was complete at the "Jolly Roger," Nat Wilson, the old boxer, opened the conversation by saying that he had received a letter from an old friend of his in New York, who mentioned, among other items, the death of a mutual friend in Charlie Harvey.

"Many of my old boxing pals now on the retired list will spare a thought for one who did his best for them across the Atlantic. Charlie Harvey had lived every moment of his life, and in spite of many moments of hair-raising excitement he reached a ripe old age. I know a lot of the boys who will think of him when they learn that he has gone on his last journey."

"I met Harvey several times in the course of my travels," said the gov'nor, "and he struck me as being a decent fellow."

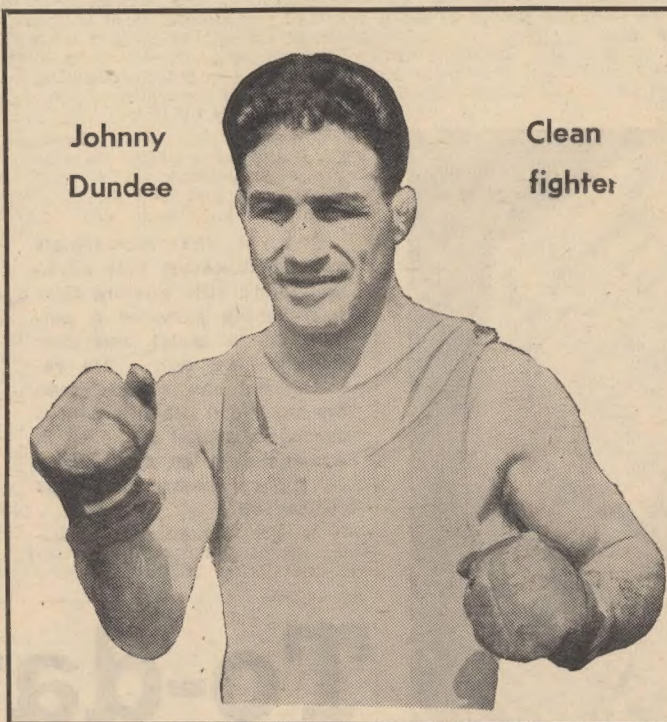
"He was all that," said Nat. "I'll go so far as to say that he was the straightest American I ever knew in the boxing game. He was a good friend to any of our boys who landed in New York without knowing too much about what they were up against."

"I doubt if anyone in the sporting world did more to advance Anglo-American friendship than the energetic little man. To look at him you would think him the typical henpecked husband who had to be home dead on time to do his wife's bidding or be walloped. You might have told yourself that he was probably a sexton at some small church, or perhaps a rent collector; and you would have rubbed your eyes, and then have doubted your hearing, if you had been told that he was a boxers' manager."

"What he didn't know about managing boxers was hardly worth knowing. He was a specialist, and his special line was the management of British boxers in the United States. I should think it is correct to say that almost every British champion who has boxed in America during the past forty years has done so under the guidance of Charlie Harvey."

"I have known most of them personally, and I can say that I have never met one who had the slightest cause to regret placing his affairs in the hands of this manager."

"Still, he must have done very well out of them," said



Johnny Dundee

Clean fighter

Bernard, whose mind generally ran on the £ s. d. of any subject.

"That's true," said Nat, "but there were scores of other American managers who raked in the shekels, and yet I would not have trusted them to handle my affairs. Of course, it paid Harvey to be straight with his boxers, otherwise it would soon have gone round that he was not to be recommended. After all, he spent the best part of his life in the game, whereas the crooks for the most part just come and go."

"And there are generally half-a-dozen more to take the place of the one to get out," put in the gov'nor. "There is scarcely time to sleep if you are going to keep pace with the new strokes they think up overnight in the fight racket in the States."

"That is why British boxers do not stand an earthly chance of earning their keep, let alone trying to put a little into the bank, if they go to the States and do not sign themselves up to an American manager. They just have to do this or be frozen out."

"Do you mean that no boxers from this country can get fights in America unless they employ an American manager?" asked Bernard.

"Yes, that has been the state of affairs for many years now," answered Nat. "They figure that it is their racket over there and if anyone wants to come in to get some of the dough he has to realise, before he is allowed to start, that he must hand some of it back."

"But we don't serve American boxers that way when they come here," said Bernard.

"No, we have always treated the Americans as welcome visitors. They can have their own managers or conduct their own business just as they wish," explained Nat. "My experience has been that they have always been well treated. It cannot be said that all our boys have had fair treatment in the States. The outlook is entirely different."

"Here we say, in effect, the sport is the thing; it does not matter who wins so long as it is the better man. In America they say, 'We have all the world titles and we mean to keep them.'"

"It is part of their creed. That is why, now that all the titles are held in America, we are never likely to have a world champion unless something in the nature of an earthquake alters the entire boxing racket in the States."

"Well, that is the result of gangsters being allowed to get a stranglehold on the boxing game," put in the gov'nor.

"If you ask me," said Bernard, "I should say that more than half the world is held up by gangsters in one form or another; these blokes are busy forming trusts, combines, and so on. What are these people but racketeers? They may do their gangsterism in kid gloves, but they are gangsters nevertheless."

"Yes, I have noticed the tendency," said the gov'nor. "I think I prefer the blatant gangster who makes no secret of his intention to do you down. The other type makes out he is trying to do you a good turn."

"It seems to me," said Nat, "that the wise old philosopher who said that the love of money was the root of all evil must have had some experience of early racketeers. Nearly all the trouble comes from greed. This ought to be listed as a crime second only to murder. I am wrong. I think it ought to rank higher than murder as a crime, because many murders are traceable to greed of gold. I can tell you that most of the troubles of the boxing world

have been brought about by greed."

"I am old enough to be able to remember the time when champions thought more of the sport, and of their ability to win, than they did of the financial end of the business."

"Some will say that they were mugs. Perhaps they were in one sense, but they certainly were sportsmen. There is no doubt that it was in America that the ring was commercialised to the extent that most of the sport was knocked out of the game."

"Champions were allowed to capitalise their titles, and to make their own terms, and it grew to such a pitch that we had instances of champions making their own rules and taking their own referees around with them."

"That is correct," said the gov'nor. "It was this state of affairs that brought the racketeers into the game."

"About the most glaring instance I knew," continued Nat, "was in the feather-weight championship. There was an American named Johnny Kilbane. Well named, I should say. He killed nearly all the interest in the feather-weight division and was the bane of the boxing game. He was never a great champion, but he managed to get hold of the title at a lean period, and he took good care to cling on to it, while much better men than he nearly broke their hearts because they could not get a fight for the title."

"Kilbane used to pick his own opponents, and even then he wouldn't fight unless he had his own referee, just to make doubly sure he would keep his title."

"This sort of thing went on for so many years that at last even the most glib of Americans began to say that something ought to be done about it. Eventually something was done. The challenger, who could have beaten Kilbane with one hand, was Johnny Dundee."

"This fighter was growing old waiting for a chance to win the championship that he ought rightly to have held years previously, and his manager used to lay awake at night thinking up schemes to get Kilbane into the ring with his man."

"At long last he had an inspiration. He sought the aid of a friendly promoter and propounded his scheme. This was to send to Europe for Eugene Criqui, the Frenchman who was then European feather-weight champion, and also something of a ring veteran. The idea was to sign Criqui to fight Kilbane for the world's title, with the proviso that, in the event of winning, he must defend his newly won title on American soil within six weeks."

"No sooner had Criqui agreed to the conditions than the manager of Dundee had set to work to convey to Kilbane that this Frenchman was a push-over, just a mug who thought he could fight."

"Nobody who had ever seen Criqui in the ring could think that," interposed the gov'nor.

"Of course, he had a terrible shock when they met in the ring. Kilbane had it coming to him right enough. He took a terrific beating and was knocked out in the sixth round. This was in June, 1923."

"In the next month, Criqui, the new champion, met Johnny Dundee in the same ring, and lost on points over fifteen rounds. Thus Dundee became champion after waiting years for the chance. He would much rather have had Kilbane for his opponent, but Kilbane never fought again after Criqui had beaten him."

## Pattern of a Miracle

TAKE a large flat sheet of black-out paper, a handful of sixpences, and a box of short matchsticks. Lay the black paper flat on a table, arrange the sixpences in odd groupings to form an irregular pattern, and join each sixpence to another sixpence, and each group to another group, with the matchsticks.

The pattern, when you have finished it, will probably look like a problem in Euclid gone haywire!

It's a wonder that the two young scientists, Robert W. Woodward and William E. Doering, didn't go haywire, too. For these enthusiasts were engaged on grouping and regrouping such patterns for just on twelve months before they finally achieved, this year, the exact pattern at which they had been aiming.

The result in their case was a minor miracle. It represented the first quinone ever made by man! And don't run away with the idea that this is a substitute. There is nothing ersatz about it at all. What Woodward

and Doering have succeeded in producing is genuine, natural quinone.

Already a number of big industrial chemical combines are hard at work planning methods for the commercial application of the process, for there never was enough quinone for mankind, anyway.

And at the moment almost the entire world supply (derived from the cinchona groves of Java) is in the hands of the Japanese.

The pattern which Woodward and Doering evolved was the pattern of the quinone molecule, and instead of sixpences and matchsticks they worked with coloured balls and short sticks.

There were 52 of these little balls, of different colours, to represent the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen which make up the contents of the quinone molecule, and all they had to go on was what science believed to be the pattern of that molecule judged by its behaviour.

The final crazy arrangement

of coloured balls and sticks achieved by Woodward and Doering measured about two feet across, and was 150 million times the size of the molecule it represented.

It measured success in a quest in which many brilliant scientists have failed during the past century.

Having got the pattern exact, they had to duplicate it in terms of the chemicals it represented.

This was the crucial point of the whole long, concentrated piece of research, and the two partners, driving themselves unsparingly to achieve their objective, working almost without sleep, until, late one night, their experiments turned into blinding success.

They produced a small vial of genuine, natural quinone!

The pattern they had achieved with their coloured balls and sticks would appear to the layman's eye as a child's toy. But it is the sort of pattern from which miracles are born!

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
**"Good Morning"**  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# WORLD'S LARGEST EYE

THINK of a camera as large as a three-bedroomed house taking a picture larger than a shop-front—its focal length alone totalling nearly two yards—and you'll have an idea of the world's largest camera, installed in the sprawling Glenn Martin aircraft factory in Baltimore.

It takes hundreds of thousands of drawings and blue-

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

technicians and turned out more than 300 pieces of work per day.

That's not all. Using a film emulsion which remains at present a closely guarded secret,

Eventually, the work of a score of technicians went to the birth of an outside camera with a 70in. focal length—that could photograph the largest drawing and faithfully reproduce faint pencil as well as ink.

To get varying scale drawings, a flip of a finger adjusts the reproduction focus and faithfully prints the original drawing in any scale desired.

One of the researchers noticed, however, that workmen were still wasting time transcribing parts of a pattern on to metal and then cutting them out. He remembered how he had seen his small son playing with a cardboard model set, a kit in which the design was printed on the cardboard ready for cutting out.

Now great sheets of sensitised metal are used as photographic plates. Inspectors used

to spend hours with metal parts by measuring the part and checking with the drawing. Now they can lay the finished part on the metal picture, and in many cases tell at a glance if the part is perfect.

Diemakers, of course, often have to account for shrinkage. Adjustment of the camera in turn automatically allows for shrinkage—and the diemakers work exactly to the printed lines.

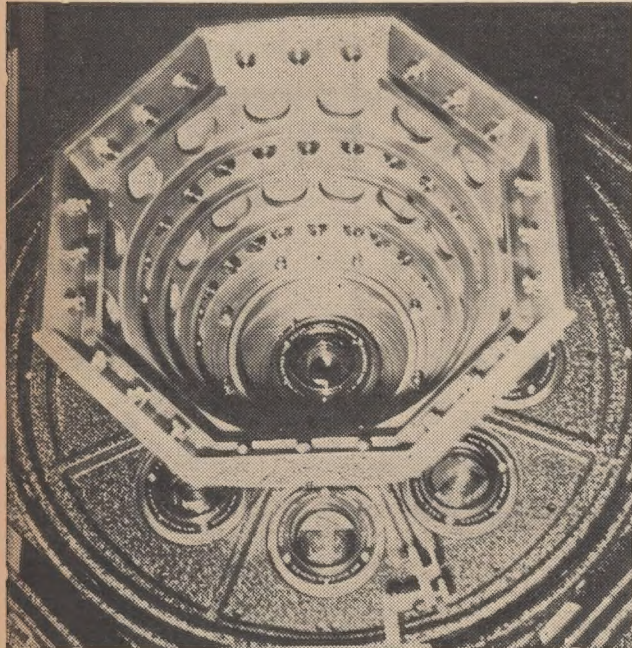
From photographing direct on metal, the experts passed to photographing direct on sensitised blueprints, papers, cloths and boards.

This is going to speed up the production of prefabricated houses after the war.

It's going to mean that you'll be able to take camera shots and have the snap ready without that boring wait for the roll of film to be developed.

It's going to mean that your missus will be able to buy lengths of material and, instead of spending hours with paper patterns, she'll have the pattern printed on the material ready for cutting out.

Giant cameras to-day are solving the problems of war.



prints to assist in the birth and building of a big bomber—and in the world's largest eye the world's largest planes have met an equal.

Duplicating the drawings in any number and every size, cutting man-power hours spent at the drawing-board to a fraction, the draughtsman-camera last year did the work of 500 highly skilled engineers and

photographing designs on to the surface of metal, the camera allows metal to be cut without the necessity of many hand-drawn patterns.

After the war it is going to revolutionise the cutting of your suit and your wife's dresses, the building of movie and theatre sets, and the making of industrial parts from

ROUND the discussion table to-day we have a Journalist, a world-wide Traveller, a Meteorologist, and a Biologist. The question is:—

What is red snow? Has coloured snow or rain ever

fallen in this country, and if so, what causes the colour?

Meteorologist: "I suppose this is my subject, and I had better start the ball rolling. The fact is, coloured snow and rain have often fallen in England, and we have records dating back for many centuries showing that such showers were formerly regarded as bad omens.

"The colour is usually due to fine particles of volcanic or desert dust, carried here at great heights by the prevailing winds from other parts of the world.

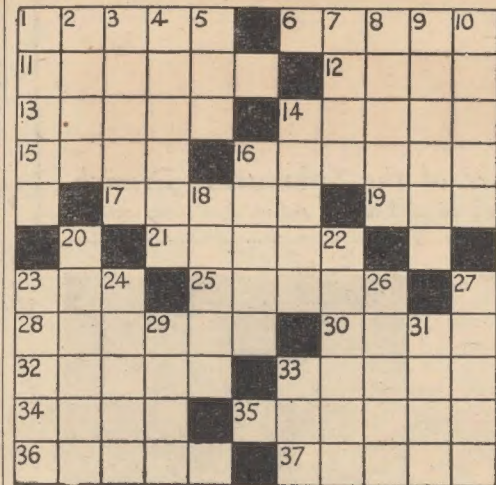
"For instance, after the explosion of the island volcano of Krakatoa, in 1883, there was a fall of black snow in North London, due to particles of black oxide of iron."

Traveller: "I have been fortunate in being present at no less than two notable falls of coloured rain in the East. In 1928 I was in Mongolia, when a 'rain of blood' caused widespread terror among the natives.

"This was due to a fine red clay raised by high winds from the deserts of central Asia, and some of it travelled as far as Japan, where it was brought down in a fall of red snow."

"In 1937 I was in Hyderabad, India, when a similar heavy fall of blood-red rain scared the native population of Orissa. I believe Sahara sand and dust caused a fall of yellow and red snow to fall in Switzerland at about the same time."

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Polyurise.
- 6 Bees' structures.
- 11 Glory.
- 12 Meat.
- 13 Scope.
- 14 V-shaped piece.
- 15 Box.
- 16 Control.
- 17 Refute.
- 19 Allow.
- 21 Relieved.
- 23 Droop.
- 25 Hooter.
- 28 Judge of merit.
- 30 Speed.
- 32 Of a town.
- 33 Frill.
- 34 Creditor's right.
- 35 Go the rounds.
- 36 She'll.
- 37 Emerges.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Deep cleft.
- 2 Tom-boy.
- 3 Open.
- 4 Evening party.
- 5 Small mean house.
- 7 Kiln.
- 8 Decoration.
- 9 Hung loosely.
- 10 Wet weather.
- 14 Drink.
- 16 Sound art.
- 18 Bowl.
- 20 Girl's name.
- 22 Commit to substitute.
- 23 Oar.
- 24 Mocked.
- 26 Mother-o'-pearl.
- 27 Experiences.
- 29 Pungent taste.
- 31 Mince.
- 33 Smart blow.

GAFF PRANCE  
ALLUVIUM EX  
GOAT PEOPLE  
ENTIRE SALT  
G LARK ROE  
K HEM AFT R  
AGO PULE D  
FELL SEAMED  
FEMORA SOLE  
IS COGITATE  
RESIDE STAR

# To-day's Brains Trust

## QUIZ for today

1. A sistrum is a nun's private room. Roman Weapon, Egyptian rattle, part of a sewing machine, pill?
2. Where is Lake Chad.
3. Who was the male star in the film, "Dangerous Moonlight"?
4. Name the countries bordering on the Black Sea.
5. England last played Germany at football in this country in 1934, '35, '36, '37?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Hackny, Cockny, Acne, Kidny, Ariadne.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 473

1. Plaster-of-Paris.
2. Siberia.
3. Richard Goolden.
4. Dingley Dell.
5. (a) Sirocco. (b) Solano.
6. Permanent, Parliament, Constituent.

### Odd-But True

A physician at 15, and author of two standard medical works before he was 21, Daniel Tanory, of Angers, France, has claims to be the youngest M.D.

Because they think it enhances their beauty, Ainu women of the island of Sukhalin tattoo moustaches on their upper lips.

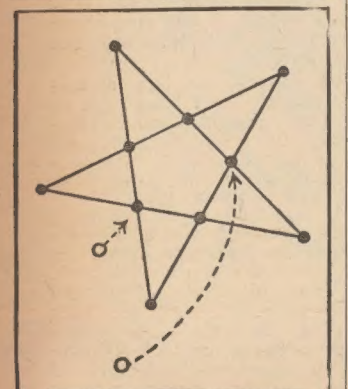
An Indian tiger once became overlord of 200 square miles. Its nightly descents on native villages caused 13 such villages to be evacuated and the surrounding land to be left uncultivated.

## WANGLING WORDS—413

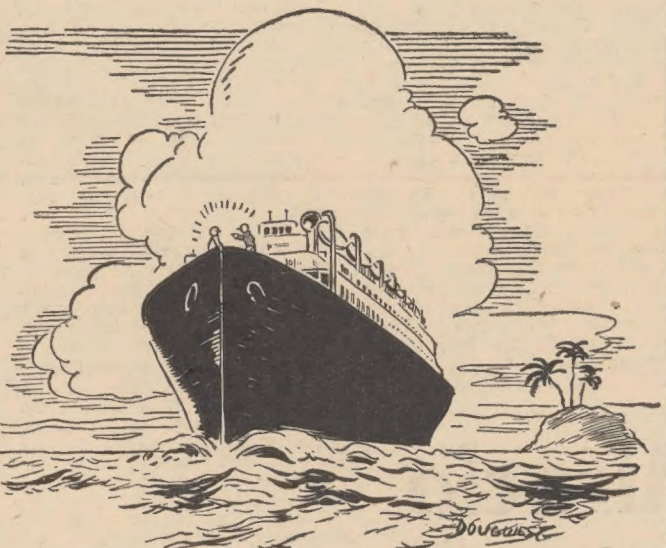
1. Put the year 1900 A.D. in AA and make a kind of road.
2. Rearrange the letters of FLIT ON, CHEERING ANGEL, and get a famous English-woman.
3. In the following three names of birds the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 263586237LE, 2635897R, 97Y.
4. Two sports and a tip are hidden in the following sentence. What are they? Fido always will frisk an ingoing people, but the new gate, though stiff, is hinging properly and they generally get through in time.

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 412

1. ADDRESS.
2. EPITAPH.
3. Zambesi, Amazon, Niger, Nile, Indus, Tagus.
4. S-wed-is-h, Ger-man.



Solution to Puzzle in No. 473.



"I told you at the time, we were being launched too fast!"

humble toolings up to—well, submarines!

The world's largest camera has bellows mounted on a track which are focused back and forth by an electrical motor.

If you've ever developed snapshots at home, you'll remember the size of your tank of developing solution. The "giant eye" necessitates four huge stainless steel tanks, each containing more than 100 gallons of secret developing solution.

Even now, much that relates to the "eye"—and its only slightly smaller juniors in other Allied war factories—is necessarily camouflaged.

It used to take hundreds of draughtsmen to draw out in a thousand different scales all the different planes for production departments, tool engineers, inspectors, and others working on a new plane.

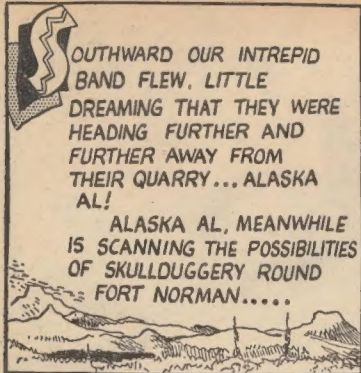
Cameras used on small drawings turned out all right, but large drawings became blurred by enlargement or reduction.

## JANE





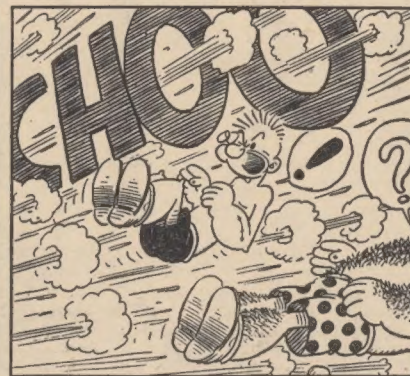
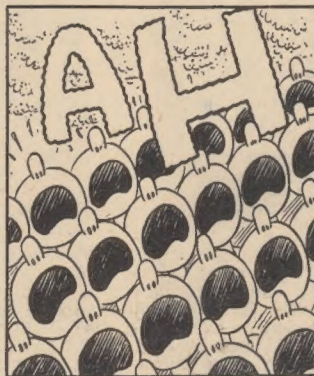
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



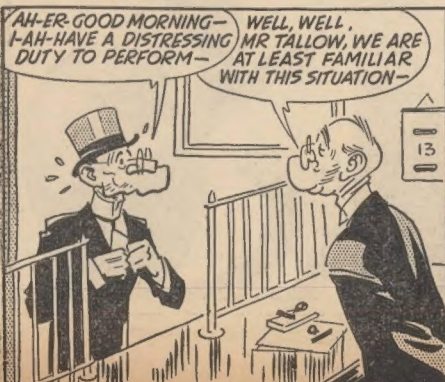
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Just Fancy—

By ODO DREW

COMPETENT observers have for a long time past noted with regret the apathy of the man in the street and (since the war) of the man in uniform, about politics. They complain that politics, though they affect vitally the everyday life of each of us, are dismissed with the comment that they are "a dirty game," "a waste of time," and so on and so forth. It is well known that hundreds of thousands never take the trouble to vote, either in Parliamentary or municipal elections, although those very people are often the first to complain about "misgovernment."

There is little doubt that a big section of the population wants everything to be done for it, but will not take the trouble to participate, even to the extent of using their voting powers, in the government of the country.

This deplorable state of affairs has been brought home to me by my own experience. Two months ago I announced that I had decided to make the cause of the ex-Serviceman my concern—my life's work. To that end I had formed a nation-wide body of which all ex-Servicemen would be members, and that that body would ensure prosperity to all members of the Armed Forces on their return to civilian life.

I went to vast trouble to formulate a plan of action, and brought the experiences of many years to bear in its preparation. I worked out the cost, which, as some of you may remember, amounted to only twopence per week per member. In getting the movement under way I had spent a lot of money, chiefly in our temporary headquarters at the "Bleated Bull." And so I suggested that a year's sub. at 8s. 4d. would not break men who were interested in their own futures.

It was part of the plan that all who paid this sub. in advance would stand an excellent chance of becoming Members of Parliament at a big salary.

The response was sweet Fanny Adams and not a crimson halfpenny.

And so I ask myself, "What is the good of flinging the Universities open to people who cannot recognise the chance of a lifetime when they see it?"

I am forced to the conclusion that the benefits I offer would be accepted willingly if the recipients had not to make a small contribution themselves. I conclude with regret that these people—in a word, YOU—will not pay a small fee, unless the harvest can be reaped at once, that you will not cast bread upon the waters unless it comes back in fruit cake form on the next tide, that you will not, as it were, enclose cash with order.

Why, in face of this, when I have so many worries of my own, should I care about less work, more money, cheaper beer, free holidays at Blackpool for Tom, Dick and Harry, when you won't pay the cost of a round of drinks to ensure a more or less guaranteed better world for you and your children to the fourth and fifth generations?

Perhaps I should have known that I expected too much. It was, no doubt, stupid of me to imagine that you would recognise the amazingly fine, disinterested, noble spirit behind all this. I tell myself that I will, in future, work for myself alone; I will give a pound's worth of work for a pound, with no overtime except at double rates. But—

Deceive myself as I may at times, I know I shall go on working for others until I drop. It's my nature to be generous, just as it is the nature of some—I name no names—to be suspicious, uncharitable, short-sighted, unappreciative, mean, lacking in understanding, incapable of effort....

But I refuse to make another appeal. I refuse point-blank to enumerate the benefits you would get for a paltry 8s. 4d. I refuse to ask you, even for your own sakes, not to wait until it is too late. I would despise myself if I so lost my innate sense of dignity as to repeat that for a ten-shilling note you get a receipt for a year's subscription, and also a signed photograph of myself.

What do you care if the landlord of the "Bleated Bull" has refused me any further credit until I settle the amount already on the slate? What do you care if I have already—presuming upon your intelligent response to my appeal—mortgaged the subscriptions of a couple of depot-ships and four flotillas?

What does it matter to you if my life is soured?

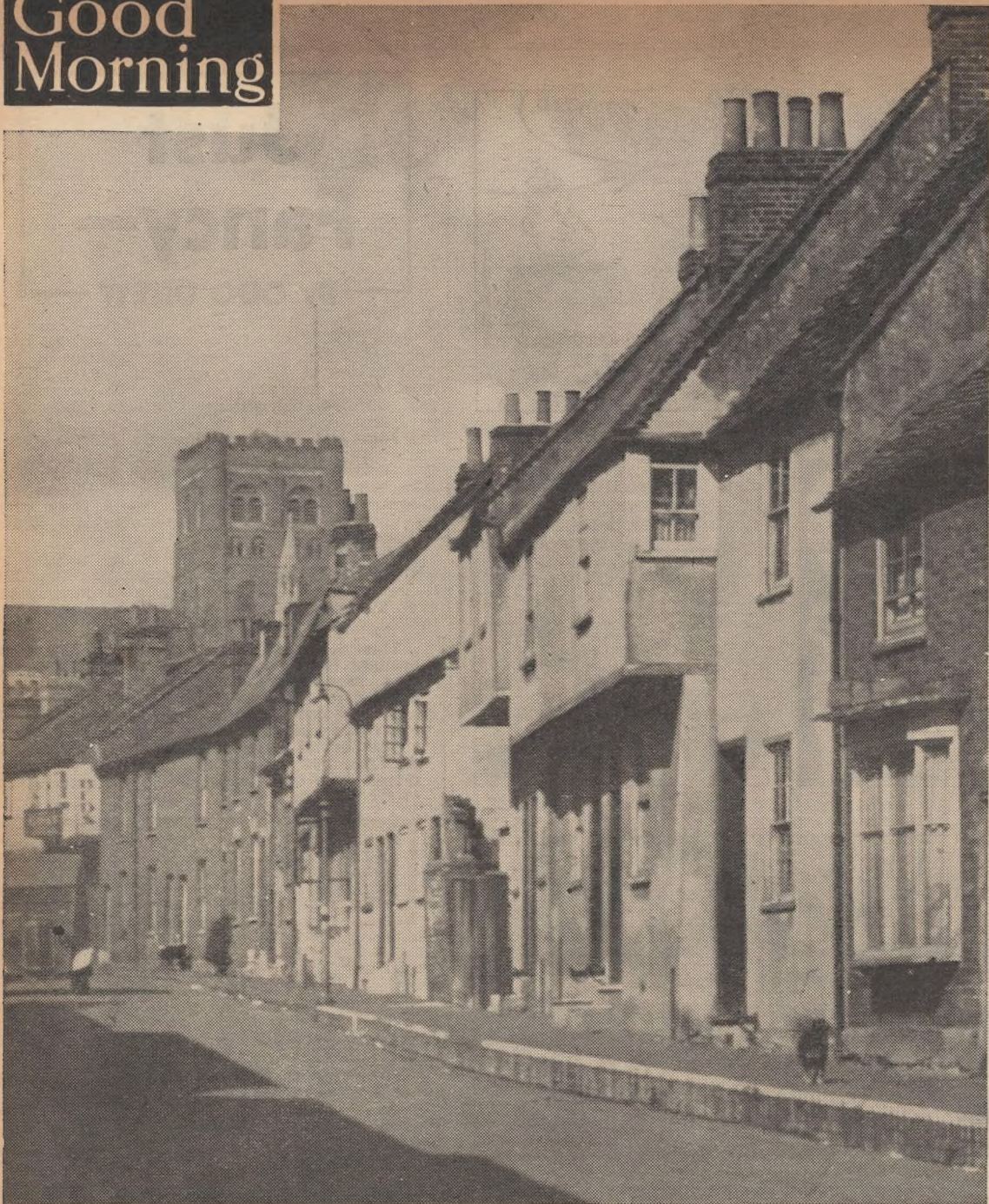
It is not as if money mattered to me; unless there is a lot of it, I am not interested. I would no more demean myself by asking you against your will to come in than I would of selling my brother's birthright—unless it were for a pretty high figure.

No, I have my pride—I hope.

It might help you if I said I was willing to receive subscriptions for six months (4s. 2d.), or even three months (2s. 1d.). But mark all letters "Personal."



Good  
Morning

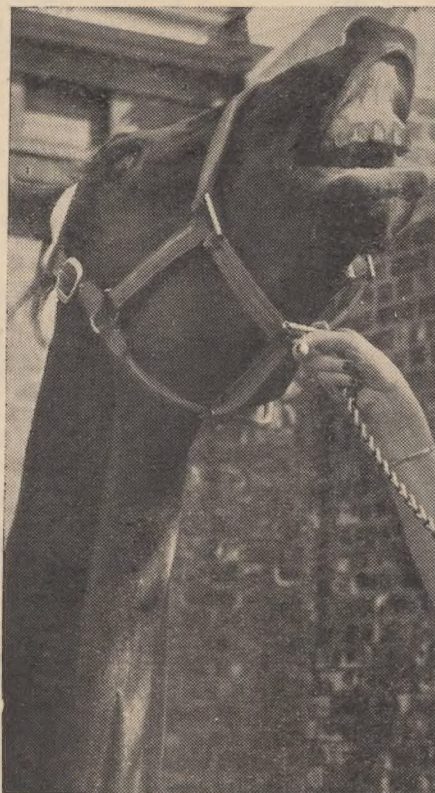


## This England

We wonder whether it's just coincidence that at St. Albans the "Goat" tavern should be in Sopwell Lane.



"Observe the catapult, at a time when elastic is unobtainable. Interesting, I'll grant. But further observe that his braces are missing. It's elementary, my dear Watson."



"'Laugh, laugh, I thought I should 'ave died.' Must remember to tell the mare that one after the fillies have gone to bed."



Personally, we like Veronica Lake, Paramount's blonde star-burst, better when she's not playing peek-a-boo with her "quiff"-ure. What, say you, lads?

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'll permit myself a well-bred smile—just out of politeness."

